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## WEALTHY WOMAN DEFENDS NEWSBOY IN QUARREL.

Theater Crowd Applauds Her Stand for a Lad Who Accused Men of Robbing Him.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
New York, Sept. 5.—Guests in the dining hall of the Hotel Marlborough were eating their after-dinner ices late in the evening, when a "chubby, plump" man stopped his push cart directly in front of the windows and sold Richard Conroy, a newsboy, a penny's worth of cream. This was the start of a dispute as to whether it was 5 cents or a dime that the boy had handed him.

Dinner in the hotel looked on, and men and women in evening dress on their way to the theaters stopped.  
While the dispute waxed hot, a prosperous-looking man pushed his way in to the center of the throng blocking the sidewalk.  
"This boy is trying to cheat you, just as every one does," he said to the ice cream vendor.  
"What business is it of yours?" asked a stylishly dressed woman, turning on the business man.  
"Probably this little boy has been cheated, and you are cowardly to tell this man to keep his money," she said.  
Just then a young man handed the newsboy a quarter.  
"Here, boy," he said, "take this and call the whole thing off."  
Conroy tried the quarter in his teeth, then darted up Broadway.

## GIRL OF 16 CARED FOR FAMILY OF SIX.

"Father Wouldn't Help Much and I Didn't Have Good Luck," She Told the Magistrate.

Philadelphia, Sept. 5.—"I tried to look after them the best I could, but father wouldn't help much, so I didn't have very good luck," was the way Maggie McNulty explained the pitiful plight of her five brothers and sisters to Magistrate Fitzpatrick.  
Since their mother died, Maggie, who is 16 years old, has had the care of the family. The children were clad in tattered garments, and appeared to be half-starved when they were brought into court by Agent Watson of the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty.  
Edward McNulty, the father, according to the testimony of persons living near the McNulty home, at No. 32 Vine street, Germantown, had neglected his family and forced the children to subsist upon what was given them. He was held for court, the younger children were committed to the society's care and the Magistrate promised to find employment for Maggie.

## HISTORIC SPOT IS MARKED.

Shaft Raised Where Gosnold Landed in Massachusetts.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Gosnold, Mass., Sept. 5.—The shaft of native builders erected on the islet in Cuttyhunk Pond to mark the spot where in 1602 Bartholomew Gosnold landed with his twenty-two men and founded the first English settlement in New England, and the second in America, was dedicated with appropriate exercises.  
This was the anniversary of Gosnold's death. The shaft, which was read from the direction of a committee of New Bedford and Boston men, who raised by private subscription a fund for defraying the expense.  
Charles S. Randall of New Bedford presided at the dedication. Letters were read from William W. Cropp, the Reverend Doctor Edward Everett Hale, Senators Hoar and Lodge, Professor N. S. Shaler, and others.  
Addresses were made by Mr. Randall, Charles Francis Adams, Representative of the Old South Historical Society, George Fox Tucker and the Reverend Doctor William Elliott Griffiths of New York. The conclusion of the dedication exercises the shaft and the islet on which it stands were turned over to the Old South Historical Society of this city.

Closer Home.  
Mr. Blumny: "Look mit der paber, Hans, unt see how big der thermometer is."  
Hans: "Yes, vas der thermometer, der is big, der is big."  
Mr. Blumny: "Foreign heighd? Dunder unt blitzen! Pint out der heighd she vas mit Kansas City alretty!"—Kansas City Journal.

## ALWAYS TIRED NEVER RESTED

To be tired out from hard work or bodily exercise is natural and rest is the remedy, but there is an exhaustion without physical exertion and a tired, never-rested feeling—a weariness without work that is unnatural and shows some serious disorder is threatening the health.

One of the chief causes of this "Always-tired, never-rested condition" is impure blood and bad circulation. Unless the body is nourished with rich, pure blood there is lack of nervous force, the muscles become weak, the digestion impaired, and general disorder occurs throughout the system. Debility, insomnia, nervousness, indigestion, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, strength and energy, and the hundreds of little ailments we often have are due directly to a bad condition of the blood and circulation, and the quickest way to get rid of them is by purifying and building up the blood, and for this purpose no remedy equals S. S. S., which contains the best ingredients for cleansing the blood and toning up the system. It is a vegetable blood purifier and tonic combined, that enriches the blood, and through it the entire system is nourished and refreshing sleep comes to the tired, never-rested, body.

For over four years I suffered with general debility, causing a thorough breaking down of my system. My blood was impure, and I was tired all the time. I tried it, and I cured me. I commend S. S. S. to all who feel the need of a thoroughly good blood tonic. Yours truly,  
MRS. JOSEPH A. BRITAIN.  
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## HOPELESS INFATUATION LED TO EDSON'S MURDER OF MRS. PULLEN.

In the Presence of His Own Wife and His Brother, the Crazy Man Pleaded With Dearest Friend's Wife to Elope With Him—When She Refused He Shot Her and Then Killed Himself.



MRS. FANNIE PULLEN.  
Wife of John T. Pullen, a vestryman of St. Michael's Church, who was shot dead by Henry Townsend Edson, son of former Mayor Franklin Edson.

New York, Sept. 5.—Henry T. Edson, who shot Mrs. Fannie Pullen and then killed himself, was, the police believe, driven temporarily insane by a hopeless infatuation for the wife of his best friend. Searching the annals of crime, one may seldom discover a parallel of this tragedy, which is rendered the more sensational by the prominence of both the Edson family and that of Mrs. Pullen. She was a Miss Fannie Schenck, daughter of the late Francis Schenck, a leading corporation lawyer of Philadelphia.

STRANGE LETTER IN CASE.  
In the search of the rooms after the tragedy, Coroner Jackson found in an apartment adjoining the dining-room in which the shooting took place a letter, in the handwriting of the dead man, but bearing no inscription and unsigned.

Everything indicates that this letter was intended for Mrs. Pullen, and the theory is advanced that in its baseless assumption of a tender feeling on the part of the woman to whom it was addressed toward the husband of the man who wrote it, further evidence of his disordered mind is furnished.

It is alleged that Henry Townsend Edson saw in print a newspaper "personal" which he wrongly took to be a communication to him from his friend's wife, and that after inserting an answering "personal" he penned the letter found as above described.

There is said to be nothing beyond the documentary evidence of the assassin's unsent communication to prove that any actual relationship existed between the man and the woman he killed to which he could have found any cause to censure his wife.

Coroner Jackson, when seen at his home in east eighty-fourth street, said that the letter could not have been written more than four hours before it was found by him.

He reached this conclusion after examining the ms, which was still comparatively fresh. Several parts of the letter are heavily underlined. Reference is made in it to a person named "John." Mrs. Pullen's husband bears that name.

INFATUATION RUN MAD.  
Amid the mystery which surrounds much of the tragedy it is known to have occurred as a climax to a conversation in the Edson dining-room, in which an effort was being made by his brother to dissuade the insane man from betraying his hopeless infatuation so openly.

Undeterred even by the presence of his wife from appealing to Mrs. Pullen to accompany him from the house, and rendered more desperate, according to Doctor David Edson, by her refusal to intercede with her husband to assist him in his financial difficulties, the crazed man committed the rash deed.

A few days ago, Mr. Pullen asserts, Treasurer William T. Peters, a brother of the pastor, was amazed to find a discrepancy of \$5,000 or \$6,000 in the accounts. The shortage was traced to Secretary Edson, he said, and the matter was taken up by the church vestrymen, of whom Mr. Pullen is one.

Mrs. Edson had 35 years old and the mother of two children—Trafton, aged 16, and Mary, aged 10 years. She was a social and domestic woman, being tall and of light complexion.

Mrs. Edson had spent the night at the Pullen residence and together with the Pullens had gone to her own apartments to spend some packing, preparatory to leaving the city.

She did not know, she said, to Doctor Cyrus Edson, that her husband was in their apartment when she and Mrs. Pullen went there. On entering the house they found a furniture mover named Thomas Wood, employed by the Manhattan Storage Warehouse Company, awaiting them. He had been engaged to do the

packing. Directing him to accompany them, Mrs. Edson and Mrs. Pullen took the elevator and alighted at the apartments on the fourth floor.

MEETING WITH EDSON.  
While Wood followed his instructions and began work in the library, one of the front apartments, the two women walked through the long hall and entered the dining-room.

They were met by Doctor David Edson and his brother. Both appeared worried. Subsequent developments proved that they had been discussing financial matters.

Both women expressed surprise at meeting Mr. Edson there, and he explained, said his brother, in an entirely rational way, that he had been detained in the city longer than he expected.

All four sat down around the large dining table and began talking about the disposition of the furniture, when suddenly Henry Edson, said the doctor, jumped to his feet, exclaiming:

"This shadow hanging over us is awful. Surely (addressing the woman) John can be prevailed upon to do something!"

Directly facing Mrs. Pullen, he then appealed to her to intercede with her husband in his behalf. She replied that she thought it was a matter in which he should see his brother, and declined to make any promise.

He showed signs of becoming violent, said Doctor Edson, and the latter made an effort to lead his brother from the room.

Edson was much the more powerful man of the two, being more than six feet tall and of tremendous physique. He began talking incoherently, and resisted every effort to be calmed.

Both women fled in terror, and started to leave the room, when he motioned them back to their chairs. Their fright became a terror when he suddenly drew a large revolver from his coat pocket and began brandishing it wildly.

BOTH WOMEN WEEPING.  
Meanwhile the weeping women were seated together, and were in that position when Edson stopped in front of them and said:

"Fannie, you must go with me. If you fail me now we will both regret it. We must elope or I'll see that you go with me anyhow."

Shocked by this sudden declaration, his wife stood up as if to demand an explanation, while her companion remained seated. There was no reply for fully a minute, while the crazed man stood between the door and the other three occupants of the room.

Doctor Edson made one more effort to pacify his brother, who turned on him with an angry exclamation. Without further warning, the demented man then aimed and quickly fired twice. Both ladies struck Mrs. Pullen, one tearing a way a portion of the left side of the head, piercing the base of the skull, was the fatal blow.

Doctor Edson expressed the conviction that his brother fully intended to murder both women, and that having shot one he was either smitten with remorse or forgot his purpose, and turned the revolver upon himself.

Before the frightened physician realized the situation fully his brother had placed the muzzle of his own mouth and fired twice. Both bullets are believed to have found lodgment in the brain. His death was instantaneous.

Wood, the furniture packer, heard the shooting and ran down the hall in time to meet Doctor Edson rushing from the dining-room. Dashing by him the physician ran downstairs and into the street, where he met Policeman Payne of the West One Hundred Street Station, and told him of the murder and suicide.

Wood ran into the dining-room and found the dead man lying near the entrance. Only five feet away lay his lifeless wife, while his wife—now a widow—was lying senseless on the opposite side of the room. Wood at first thought that both women were dead, but upon examining Mrs. Edson he discovered that she was still breathing.

Hastily dashing a glass of water in her face Wood succeeded in resuscitating Mrs. Edson, but she again collapsed with an agonizing cry, when her faculties took in the horror of the situation.

WHAT POLICE REPORTED.  
Policeman Payne made the following report: That the dead woman was tall and wore a tailored traveling gown of gray material. She was of a fair complexion and under her coat wore a striped shirt waist, long white lace collar and a silver three belt. She wore low Oxford shoes.

Edson, the murderer and suicide, was over six feet tall, weighing 300 pounds and had a smooth-shaven face. He wore a steel gray suit, low russet shoes and beside him lay a light Fedora hat. The apartments were handsomely furnished, but slightly shabby, as though preparations were under way for moving.

When the clothes of the suicide were searched by the police, \$11 in American money was found and \$3 in Canadian money. He also had an expensive gold watch and chain, and in one of his trouser pockets had three door keys. On one of them was a tag bearing the name of the Hotel Minot, in his coat pocket was found an extra round of ammunition.

Unprejudiced Evidence.  
Conny: "I want your advice about matrimony."  
Pauny: "But I've never been married."  
Conny: "That's why I want your advice."  
—Chicago Gazette.

## MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF NEW AUTUMN . . . CARPETS AND RUGS

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## DE FOCKE'S WEDDING TO BE BLOTTED OUT.

Mother of Girl Bogus Nobleman Deceived Will Try to Erase Illegal Marriage From the Records—Impostor Is Alleged to Have a Wife in San Francisco.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
New York, Sept. 5.—To obliterate from the memory of all save that of the pretty girl herself, where it must remain sealed all her life, the mother of Miss Adelaide Anne Cox is about to have stricken from public records the entry of her daughter's marriage to the "bogus" Baron George Augustus de Focke, ambassador and bigamist.

This handsome, debonaire impostor completely won the heart of Miss Cox. She had a graceful figure, big blue eyes, wavy auburn hair and a singularly sweet voice. Often his soft cadences have sounded within the high, majestic walls of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where she was a chorister.

Suddenly the pretty girl announced to her friends that she was to marry the "Baron" de Focke. After the marriage they sailed for Europe. She brought to him a handsome dowry.

Hardly had the ship left when word reached the girl's mother that the "Baron" was a fraud, and that moreover he had been previously married to Miss Maude Laiff in San Francisco.

Investigations proved the truth of the rumor, that was to come as such a cruel blow to the girl when the steamship reached the other side. And as soon as it did the "Baron" found himself in the hands of the authorities of Vienna, Berlin and Paris.

In the first capital, he was wanted for embezzlement, in the other for passing worthless checks.

Mrs. Cox, the girl's mother, said: "We shall make every effort to have the marriage stricken from the records. Of course, it wasn't legal. But I want it wiped out in every way. My astonishment when I found the Baron to be bogus and a bigamist besides was more than shocking."

"Especially was it so, because I had investigated him and proved his apparent good character and genuineness before. 'A clergyman said he was known as 'Baron.' Every member of his family called him 'B.' I suppose it was a nickname."

"Others who also investigated found nothing against him. I would not so much have minded his turning out to be a bogus Baron. But for the other deception—it was the act of a low scoundrel."

"My daughter will not be in New York at all this season. Her plans have for a principal feature a long visit to the home

of her uncle. The blow to her has been very hard. For a time, I feared the most serious consequences, but time is kind, and in a few years perhaps she will be as she used to be—cheerful and happy."

FAINTS BESIDE DEAD FIANCÉ.  
Miss Palmer Collapses as Result of Long Vigil.

New York, Sept. 5.—Worn out by her long vigil at the bedside of her lover, Miss Lida Palmer collapsed after Charles C. Crox died in her arms in the Memorial Hospital, at Morristown, N. J., and is now seriously ill at the Mansion House there.

Mr. Crox, who lived in Toledo, came East a few weeks ago on business for the insurance company of which he was the assistant superintendent. He became ill in Summit, N. J., and was advised to go to the Morristown institution.

A raging fever soon overcame him and in his delirium he called for his sweetheart. A telegram was sent to the Ohio city and Miss Palmer came at once. For three weeks she was almost constantly at his bedside, waiting for him to recognize her.

When the doctors gave up all hope Miss Palmer believed that her lover would never speak to her, but a few minutes before he died, he opened his eyes.

"I am dying," he said. "Do not grieve too much for me. Good by, sweetheart, good by."

She held him close in her arms until he breathed for the last time, and then fell back on the floor, unconscious. The nurses, who had withdrawn that the last moments might be spent alone, carried her into another room, where it was a long time before the doctors restored her to consciousness.

The wedding day had been set for next month.

\$9.00, Cincinnati and Return.  
Big Four, Sept. 6 and 7. Tickets, Broadway and Chestnut and Union Station.

BALLOON AMUCK WITH AERONAUT AS ANCHOR.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.  
Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 5.—Wayne Abbott, an aeronaut at Caldera Park, has decided that premonitions of danger are bad things to have when you are going to make a balloon ascension. He wanted to

see his wife and baby all day—they are in Denver—and felt that he was going to have an accident when he made his trip up. It was his intention to make the ascension a record breaker, his highest point having been 7,000 feet. But a cog slipped and he met with the accident.

Mr. Abbott's regular assistants did not show up, and he had a green man helping him. When the balloon was half filled with gas, a heavy wind began to blow and the balloon became restive. However, he kept on filling it till it was about three-quarters full. Then a heavy gust came and tore up one of the stakes to which the balloon was secured. The men holding it

got scared and let go, and as it rose 300 feet, it collided head-on with a bystander, hitting the latter's eyebrow and putting him out nearly and quickly. Then he went head-on into the picket fence south of the grounds and made a hole in it. Abbott was unconscious when picked up and was taken to the hospital.

RELIEF FOR SICK WIVES.

No. 214 North Limestone Street, Lexington, Ky., May 19, 1903.  
Soon after my marriage I began to feel my health decline. My appetite failed me, I was unable to sleep and I became very nervous and had shooting pains through my abdomen and pelvic organs, with bearing down pains and constant headaches causing me much misery. The menstrual flow became more and more painful and I became a burden to myself and family, instead of a help and a pleasure. Wine of Cardui cured me within four months. I soon began to feel a change for the better and at the time of my next period I noticed a great difference. The pain gradually diminished until I was entirely well. I am stronger and look better than I did before my marriage and there is great rejoicing in the house over the wonders your medicine has worked.

It is a serious thing for any young woman to undertake the duties of wifehood until she is in perfect physical condition. Her life and habits are entirely changed after marriage and weakness never dreamed of often develops. The excitement of an elaborate wedding often completely upsets her nerves so that menstrual disorders result at the very start. It is then very easy to let the trouble run on until finally, aggravated by the new order of living, chronic menstrual troubles, painful as they are because complicated with bearing down pains, ovarian troubles and periodical headaches, Wine of Cardui cures Mrs. Quinn completely. No testimony can tell better than this letter of the thorough work that Wine of Cardui accomplishes. Wine of Cardui offers the same relief to all women. There is no danger from suffering from an uncertain and risky operation which involves much danger at the best. Wine of Cardui relieves women from so much pain and is such a successful remedy for the ills and irregularities to which women are subject, that every woman should constantly keep it in her home. All druggists sell \$1.00 bottles Wine of Cardui.

Mrs. B. L. Quinn.

WINE OF CARDUI